

Little Red Riding Hood



One day, little Red Riding Hood and her mother heard that Grandma was ill. "You must go to her," said her mother, "and take her this basket of food."



So little Red Riding Hood set off. In her basket were fresh eggs, honey and home-made bread for her Grandma.

“I’m glad I have my red cloak and hood” she thought, as she skipped along. “I like wearing it because it was Grandma who made it for me.”

In fact, she wore it so much that everybody called her Red Riding Hood instead of her proper name!

Near little Red Riding Hood’s cottage were some woods where she was not allowed to play.





But because she was anxious about her Grandma, little Red Riding Hood decided to take the path through the woods, instead of following the road.

“I’ll get to Grandma’s cottage much quicker this way,” she thought.



It was lovely in the woods that day! Red Riding Hood stopped to gather some pretty blue flowers for her Grandma. “They’ll cheer her up,” she told herself, “and I’ll tell her all about the rabbits and the squirrels and how friendly they are!”



But the friendly rabbits and squirrels were not the only animals in the woods that day! A big, bad wolf was also out and about, looking for his dinner.

When he caught sight of Red Riding Hood through the trees, his nose twitched and his ears pricked up with interest.

He quietly crept up behind a tree next to the spot where Red Riding Hood was picking flowers, and then stepped out beside her.

“Good day to you, little girl,” he said, in a voice so soft and friendly that Red Riding Hood stopped being alarmed.





“Where are you going with your basket and flowers on this fine day?”

Little Red Riding Hood told him all about her sick Grandma in the cottage on the far side of the wood.

“I should go and visit her as well,” said the wolf.

“Let’s see which of us gets there first.”

Away he ran, and it wasn’t long before he was knocking on the grandmother’s door.

“Who is it?” the old lady called out in a weak voice.



“It’s me, Grandma,” the wolf replied, in a small voice, pretending to be little Red Riding Hood.

“Then just lift the latch and come in, dear,” said Grandma.

No sooner was that big, bad wolf inside the cottage than he gobbled up the old lady. Then he searched about until he found a bonnet and shawl to put on.

“That should do nicely,” he said, looking in a mirror.





After the wolf had admired his disguise he went over to the big bed and hopped in.

Comfortably settled, he dragged the sheet right up to his black nose, pulled the old lady's cap down over his wicked eyes, and waited.



Meanwhile, little Red Riding Hood ran as fast as she could until, at last, there was her Grandma's cottage.

When he heard her gentle knock, the big, bad, wolf called, "Lift the latch and come in, dear."

Little Red Riding Hood was smiling as she pushed open the door. "Here I am, Grandma" she cried. "Wait until you see what lovely things Mum has sent, and all my pretty flowers!"



Little Red Riding Hood was surprised to see how untidy the cottage was. "Grandma must be too poorly to tidy up," she said to herself.



It looked as if Grandma was asleep, so little Red Riding Hood put down her basket and took out the eggs, honey and the home-made bread, before finding a pretty vase for the flowers.

At last, she said quietly, "Grandma, are you awake?"

"Of course I am, dear," a croaky voice answered from the big bed.

"Then let me show you what Mum has sent," said little Red Riding Hood. "There's honey, and fresh eggs and home-made bread, and I picked some pretty blue flowers for you..." And she began to tiptoe towards the bed.

"Come closer," whispered the wicked wolf. "Come closer and give your old Granny a hug."

"But Grandma, what big arms you have got!" she exclaimed.

"All the better to hug you with, my dear," said the wolf.

"And Grandma, what big ears you have got!" cried little Red Riding Hood, staring.

"All the better to hear you with," said the wolf.

"And Grandma," whispered little Red Riding Hood. "What big teeth you have got!"



“All the better to EAT you with!” growled the big, bad wolf.



With that, the wolf sprang out of Grandma's bed, and little Red Riding Hood ran for the door of the cottage to try to escape.

The hungry wolf chased after little Red Riding Hood. But before he could catch her...

...the old lady's nightcap slipped down over his eyes, and the wolf tripped and fell flat on his nose!

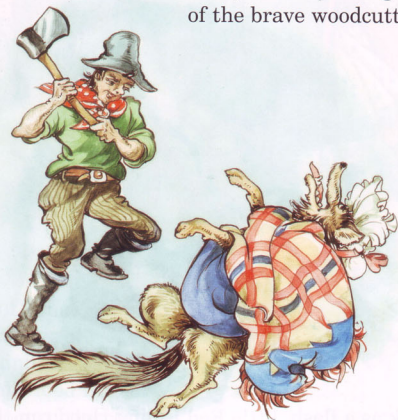


Quick as a flash, little Red Riding Hood ran to an open window before he could get up. "Help! Help!" she cried at the top of her voice. "Save me from the wolf!"

There was a young woodcutter working nearby. He knew all about the wicked wolf, so he always kept a sharp look-out.

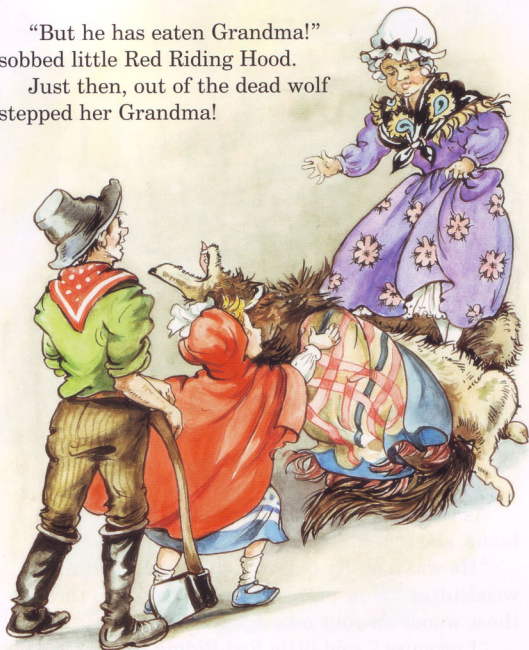
He heard little Red Riding Hood's cries for help and ran to the cottage.

It was all over so quickly that little Red Riding Hood could scarcely believe it. The big, bad wolf lay dead, killed by a single blow of the brave woodcutter's axe.



"Don't cry, little Red Riding Hood," the woodcutter said kindly. "You are safe now."

“But he has eaten Grandma!”
sobbed little Red Riding Hood.
Just then, out of the dead wolf
stepped her Grandma!



The greedy wolf had swallowed her whole, so she
was quite all right.



As the woodcutter took little Red Riding Hood home, she told him how she had met the wolf.

"He was a crafty old wolf, that one," said the woodcutter. "Now promise me you won't go through these woods on your own again."

"I promise," said little Red Riding Hood. "And thank you for saving me," she smiled.

THE END